THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

TEKANNIBAL APOCALYPSE!

#44
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This month sees a grand new development in the Warhammer world as a whole new land opens up as a setting for our stories. Those readers who are Games Workshop hobbyists as well may already be aware that the mystical isle of Albion is at the centre of Games Workshop's summer campaign, where the ultimate fate of the island will be determined by the results of battles fought by gamers all over the world. No doubt even a few of the heroes of Warhammer Monthly and its sister publication Inferno! will make it to those rocky shores. But do not fear that their stories will be lost in the greater events unfolding around them. Now, as always, our focus is on the creation of characters, on the plight of individuals and the deeds of mighty warriors. Albion is merely the background it is our heroes who are the stars of the action!

More information on Albion and the Dark Shadows campaign can be found at www.games-workshop.com/albion

RICHARD WILLIAMS

INQUISITOR

Betrayed on his desperate search for his old mentor, Interrogator Gravier wakes to horror.

SHADOWS GATHER

Portents of doom plague the world, a dark master has arisen and only one man knows his plans.

TITAN

The deadly Chaos trap is sprung and Imperius Dictatio is the catch!

SUCCUBUS

None are more feared than the Wych Gladiators of the dark eldar!

THE SUMMONING

An ancient necromancer stands under siege from the forces of Chaos. But he has one last trick up his sleeve...

DISPATCHES:

Way back in the mists of time, before the Black Library came into being, a range of novels were unleashed on the galaxy to sate the readers desire for Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 fiction. For aeons (well, 10 years anyway) these tomes have been lost to humanity, many believing that they would never see the light of day again.

But fear not, for the denizens of the Black Library have ventured forth into the immaterium and, after great peril have recovered these fabled manuscripts to once more wreak havoc on unsuspecting souls. Look out for Drachenfels (above) coming your way in October with Deathwing (left), Konrad and many more to follow.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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INQUISITOR ASCENDANT
EPISODE TWO: PART FIVE
SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT · ART: JIM BRADY · LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON
I WAKE. WAKE TO HORROR.
WAKE TO THE FILTHY WASTELANDS OF SEPULCHRIS, A PLANET SLAIN BY WAR.
WAKE TO THE STINKING TOUCH OF THE WRETCHES WHO HAUNT THIS PLACE.
THE TEKANNIBALS.

I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE
I THOUGHT I COULD WORK ALONE AND FIND MY OLD MASTER DEFAY, BEFORE MY NEW MASTER REIKER COULD TRACK HIM AND EXECUTE HIM
BUT I WAS BETRAYED, AND GIVEN OVER INTO THE HANDS OF THESE THINGS
I MADE A MISTAKE
AND I'M GOING TO PAY WITH MY LIFE
GET OFF ME! ORF!
THEY TEAR AT MY CLOTHES, TAKING EVERYTHING IN MY POCKETS AS TROPHIES
SUCH SMALL LOSSES ARE THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS
I'M SORRY, MASTER. I'M SORRY, DEFAY
I HAVE FAILED YOU...

AIIEEE! AIIEEEE!
HREH?
D'FAY! D'FAY! AIIEEE!
OH GOD EMPEROR.. THEY KNOW HIM...
...NO TIME FOR WONDER! WHILE THEY'RE DISTRACTED..
I USE ONE CHARGE FROM THE DIGI-WEAPON IN MY SIGNET RING TO BREAK THE SHACKLES ON MY LEFT HAND...
SHRRRKKK!
...ANOTHER ON THE RIGHT...
NNHF!
SHRRRKKK!

RAAAAGHH!
RAAAAAAGHHH!
RAAAAAGHH!
SHHHRRKKK!
AGH!
SKR
EEEEEE
CHOOOOK!
GRROOOAGH!
THAT'S THE RING'S POWER CELL SPENT...
SHAHRK

NOW I MUST RESORT TO MORE PRIMITIVE METHODS
GNUH!
A GOOD TRY.
I GO TO MY DEATH, GRATEFUL AT LEAST THAT EVEN MERE, DEFAY DID HIS BEST TO SAVE ME
VRRRRR
SKRATKKK!
THOOOM!
CHOOOOM!
THWOKK!
EH?

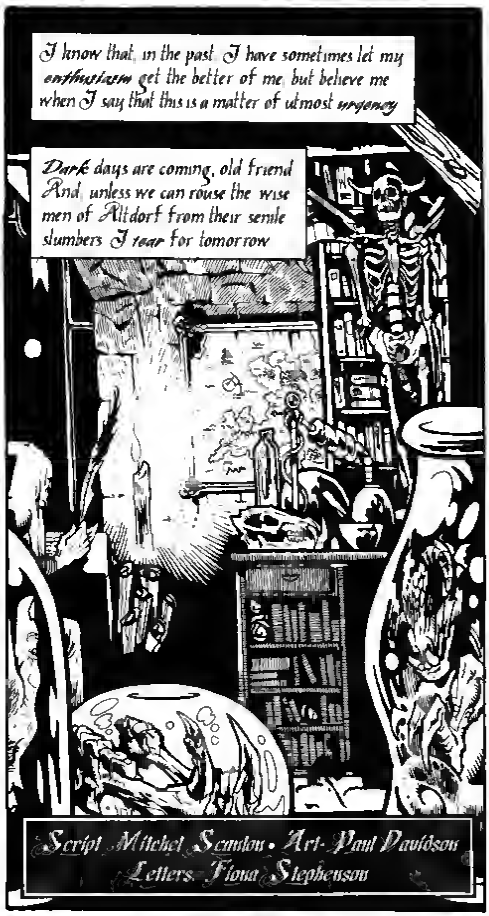
AAIEE!
CHOK!
ZEEK! ZEEK!
BLATCH!
THOMMTCH!
AAAAAAGH!
IT SEEMS MY NEW MASTER IS SET ON SAVING ME TOO
K-THOOM!
ZEEK!
ZEEK!
SKRRRRRRRRRR
CHOOOM!

DEFAY *WAS* THERE, YES?
I QUESTIONED THE MASTER OF THE ENCLAVE, GRAVIER HE HAD SEEN DEFAY, FOUR MONTHS AGO
DEFAY WAS *RECRUITING TROOPS* FROM AMONGST THE KEEPERS
IT SEEMS HE LEFT SEPULCHRIS WITH A *CONSIDERABLE* FORCE AT HIS SIDE.
PLANNING WHAT? WAR? *INSURRECTION?*
DID YOU FIND ANY TRACE OF DEFAY IN YOUR... *EXCURSION,* PUPIL?
NOTHING, MASTER REIKER.
I CANNOT ABIDE *LIES,* YES?
IF WE ARE TO CONTINUE WORKING TOGETHER, I REQUIRE YOUR DEVOTION.
ESPECIALLY WHEN THE TIME COMES TO EXECUTE DEFAY FOR HIS *HERESY.* CLEAR, *YES?*
Y-YES, *MY MASTER.*

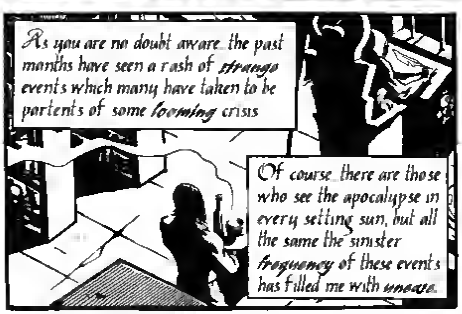
NEXT *FORGE WORLD*

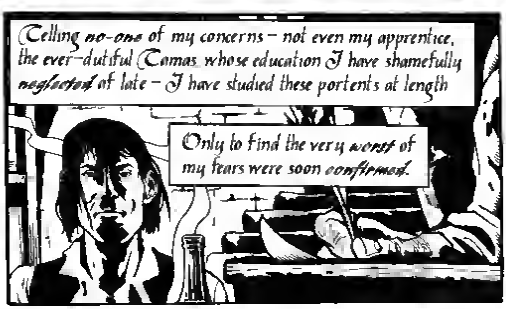
Shadows Gather

For I have need of your friendship, Otto, the same friendship that saw you stand by me even when those doddering old fools in Altdorf called me mad.


I know that, in the past, I have sometimes let my enthusiasm get the better of me, but believe me when I say that this is a matter of utmost urgency.
Dark days are coming, old friend. And, unless we can rouse the wise men of Altdorf from their senile slumbers I fear for tomorrow.

Script - Mitchel Scanlon • Art- Paul Davidson
Letters - Fiona Stephenson


As you are no doubt aware, the past months have seen a rash of strange events which many have taken to be portents of some looming crisis.
Of course, there are those who see the apocalypse in every setting sun, but all the same the sinister frequency of these events has filled me with unease.


Telling no-one of my concerns – not even my apprentice, the ever-dutiful Tamas, whose education I have shamefully neglected of late – I have studied these portents at length.
Only to find the very worst of my fears were soon confirmed.

I beg you, otto do not dismiss what I have to say, for the truth of it is written all around us
It is written in the dark miracle of Couronne, where a statue of the goddess Shallya was seen to weep blood.
Written in the strange outbreak of hysteria and violence which gripped revellers during a festival at the Temple of the Twins in Luccini
And written in fire and smouldering flesh in the town of Solzenmund.
Where, following his interrogation of a captive heretic, a witch hunter of the Order of Sigmar doused himself in oil and then set himself alight.
And that is not the end of it, my friend. Would that it was!
For recently, as though mindful of some coming storm, a number of dwarf families long-settled in the Empire have migrated back to their ancestral strongholds
While, in Sturland, at the Temple of Sigmar the Merciful, a crazed pilgrim seized that most holy of relics, the Cup of Life, and drank from it
Only to fall down dead a moment later

Every day, in every corner of the world, new portents are seen

Portents which like spreading ripples left by the impact of a stone on the calm surface of a lake offer proof that the winds of magic have been disturbed by some malevolent *hidden* hand

A hand whose *dark master* is intent on our *destruction*.

As to *who* this dark master is or *why* he craves our ruin, who can say?

All that is certain is that J. Albrecht, perhaps alone among all the learned men of the Empire, have managed to divine his *plans*.

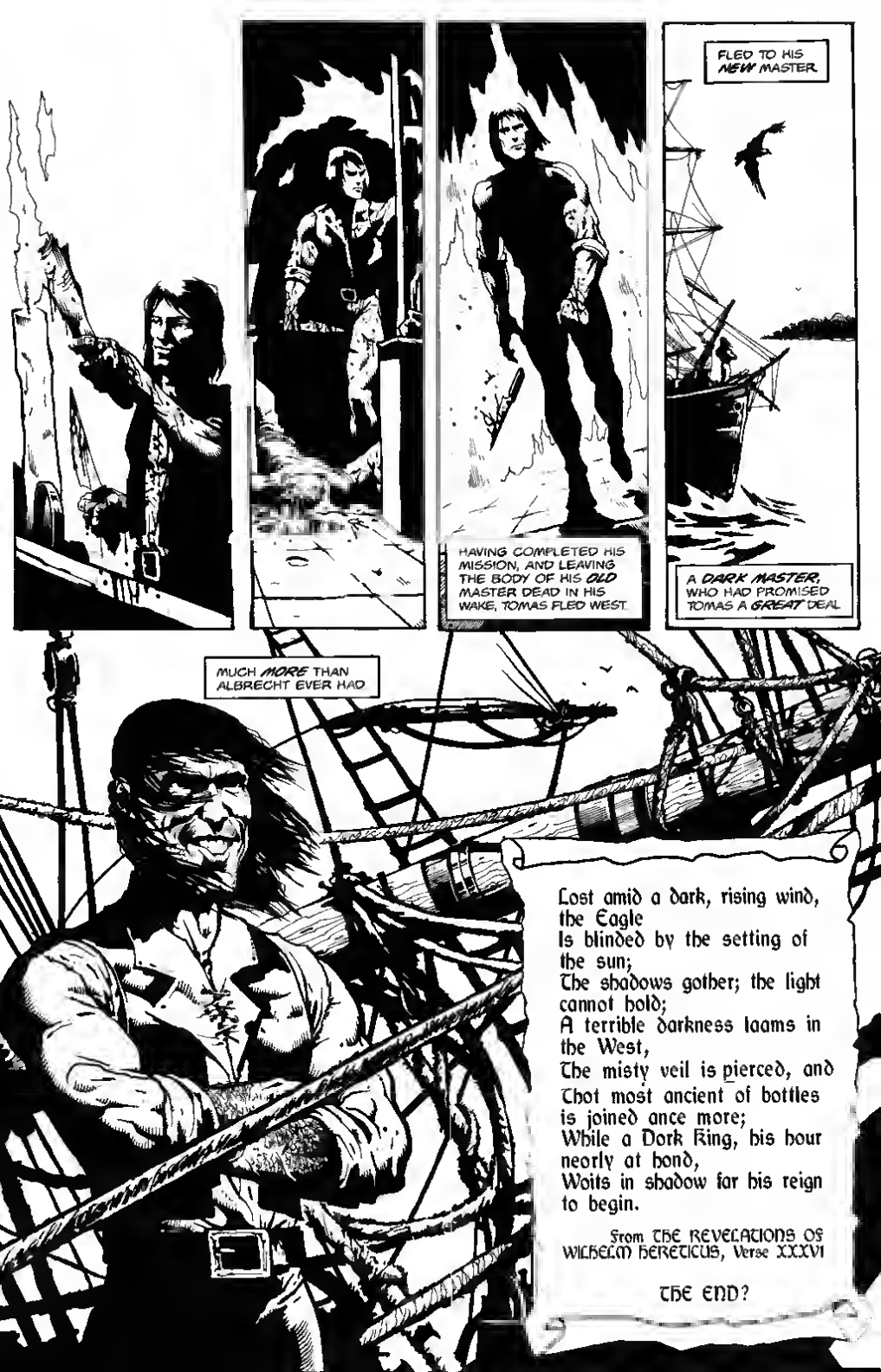
Rumour has it that, for the first time in centuries the mists have cleared from around the mysterious isle of Albion

CHINK! CHINK! CHINK!

While strange men, claiming to be from that legendary place, have arrived in every port of the known world, with wild tales of the riches awaiting those *foolhardy* enough to follow them

Albion is the *key*. It is the place where the next great struggle will be fought against the *darkness*. I am *sure* of it!

The world is in the balance, old friend. We must act quickly or face extinction.


FLED TO HIS NEW MASTER.
HAVING COMPLETED HIS MISSION, AND LEAVING THE BODY OF HIS OLD MASTER DEAD IN HIS WAKE, TOMAS FLED WEST.
A DARK MASTER, WHO HAD PROMISED TOMAS A GREAT DEAL
MUCH MORE THAN ALBRECHT EVER HAD
Lost amid a dark, rising wind, the Eagle
Is blinded by the setting of the sun;
The shadows gather; the light cannot hold;
A terrible darkness looms in the West,
The misty veil is pierced, and That most ancient of battles is joined once more;
While a Dark King, his hour nearly at hand,
Waits in shadow for his reign to begin.
From THE REVELATIONS OF WILHELM HERETICUS, Verse XXXVI
THE END?

Isle of Storms

The mists roll back on the legendary island of Albion and the races of the world converge in a dramatic conquest of good and evil.

Across the Warhammer world, growing portents of disaster have been witnessed. In Nuln a Priest of Sigmar flung himself from the top of the cathedral screaming that the Dark One had returned. In Ulthuan, the Loremasters of the high elves have noticed a shift in the winds of magic, dark powers are flowing stronger than they have done for centuries. A Questing Knight of Bretonnia proclaimed that he came across a grotesque stranger who claimed to be an emissary of a growing power. Deep beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains the dwarfs are reading their oldest records, scouring them for clues as to why their runes of warding and protection are beginning to fail. In their tunnels, the skaven are more hectic than ever, burrowing with insane ferocity, driven by the building sense of Chaos on the surface.

And out in the Sea of Chaos, sailors report that the fogs and mists that shroud the mysterious isle of Albion have lifted and imposing white cliffs can be seen rearing up from the waves. Seafarers of many nations and races have reported hearing keening cries carried on the winds from the sinister island. Scholars from Altdorf have delved into their ancient scrolls, digging up tales of ancient treasures buried in the swampy lands of Albion.

Treasure-seekers and mercenaries have been gathering in the harbours and ports of the Old World, booking passage with sea captains mad or greedy enough to take them to the forbidding land across the raging waves. Counts and dukes, vampires and orc warbosses, dark elven sorceresses and dwarf kings are mustering their armies, feeling an irresistible pull towards the distant isle. The lizardmen are also rousing, the slann disturbed from their contemplation by the disturbances in the winds of magic, their ire building at this disruption of the Old Ones' prophecies.

Something... something is stirring amidst the dark shadows of Albion. The mists are clearing at www.games-workshop.com/albion

To Tybalt, it seemed that they had been marching for perhaps an hour, maybe a little more. Ahead of him, Charl the Truthsayer was almost swallowed by the thickening fog, only the will o' wisp of his glowing staff could be clearly seen, leading them on. The footing was better beneath the horses' hooves and Tybalt wondered is this was due to the ground itself firming up further inland, or whether Charl was leading them along some pathway they had failed to find the day before. Then again, he considered, he knew so little about the power of this freakish, spiky-haired stranger who was taking them deep into this oppressive land, perhaps there wasn't a trail here yesterday, nor would there be one tomorrow.

The steady thud of horses' hooves, muffled by the mist, was the only sound Tybalt had heard since they had set off. There had been no birdcalls, the land was eerily silent. The knight would have sworn it was devoid of life, so still was the air, so deep was the quiet.

Tybalt noticed they were approaching something in the fog. Darker shadows loomed out of the blanket of vapours, towering over the mounted knight. A sudden panic struck him, he had heard tales of the giants of Albion, of how they fed on human flesh and tossed rocks at passing ships to sink them. His hand strayed to his sword, but at that moment he saw the light from Charl, still progressing steadily forward. Looking up as he rode on, Tybalt realised that the imposing dark shapes were in fact gigantic standing stones, many times the height of a man. He was passing between two of them, almost as if entering a gateway. To the left and right, other stones could be dimly seen, forming a rough circle.

'Do not stray!' Charl's voice called hauntingly from the fog ahead.

Tybalt glanced over his shoulder to ensure his knights were following in double file. They were still there, their mood subdued. Tybalt was not surprised, this was a dismal place. Normally there would have been joking and songs. Some of the older knights would have told stories from battles of their youth to pass the tedium of the march. Here the fog isolated everyone, reducing friends-at-arms to nothing more than shadowy wraiths drifting on the edge of vision.

A sudden howling from the right caused a commotion at the rear of the column. He called to Charl and reined his horse around, trotting back down the line. He had passed a dozen knights when something came speeding at him out of the mists. It was a pack pony, eyes rolling with terror, bolting away from the howling, which had been joined by other voices – roars and growls that sounded from every direction. The pony veered to one side to avoid Tybalt's steed and disappeared into the fog. A handful of commoners came running after the stray beast, and seeing the direction of Tybalt's gaze headed out into the cloudy gloom.

'No!' bellowed Tybalt, as they passed out of sight. The howling increased and was cut off but the shrieks of men in agony, the sound of snapping bones and horrid, slavering noises as of a great beast drinking from a pool. Some of the knights had gathered about Tybalt, Uriens and Leon amongst them.

'We'll slay the creatures, milord!' Leon promised hotly, pulling his horse towards the sound of the continued growling and rumbling.

'Stay where you are!' Tybalt snapped sharply, kicking his own mount forward and grabbing Leon's reins with his sword hand. 'You'll suffer the same fate if you vanish into these mists.'

'This place is accursed!' declared Adrion, one of Uriens four sons marching with Tybalt. 'We should turn back.'

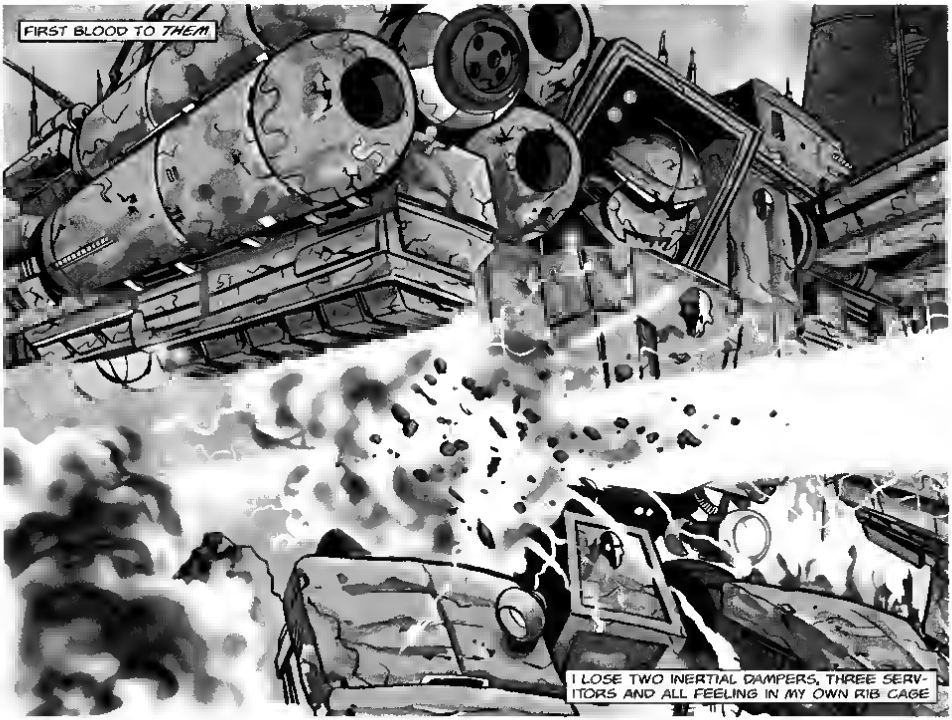
'No way back, only forward.' Charl told them, appearing suddenly from the dim shadows.

'Where have you brought us?' Uriens demanded, dismounting in front of the Truthsayer. 'Have you led us into a trap?'

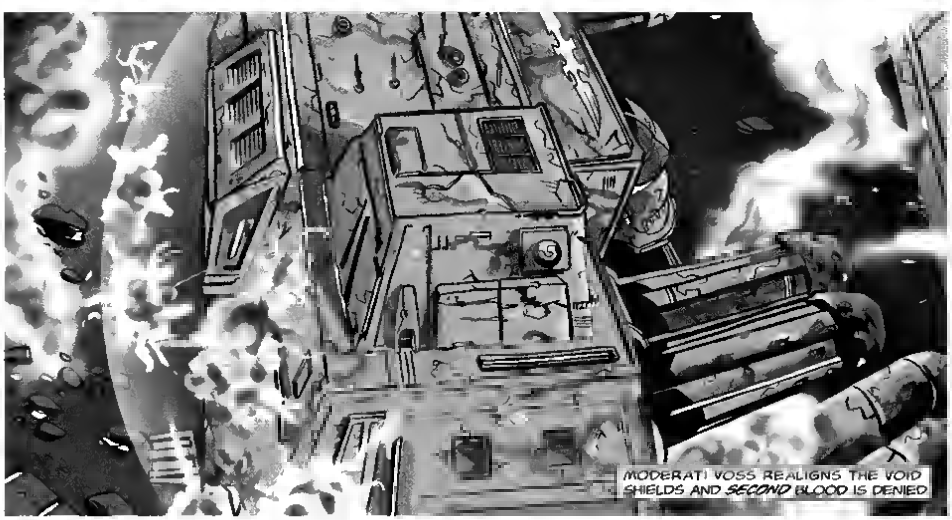
Charl ignored him, turning on his heel and walking on once more. His voice floated back through the mists strangely reassuring to Tybalt.

'Follow, do not stray from path.'

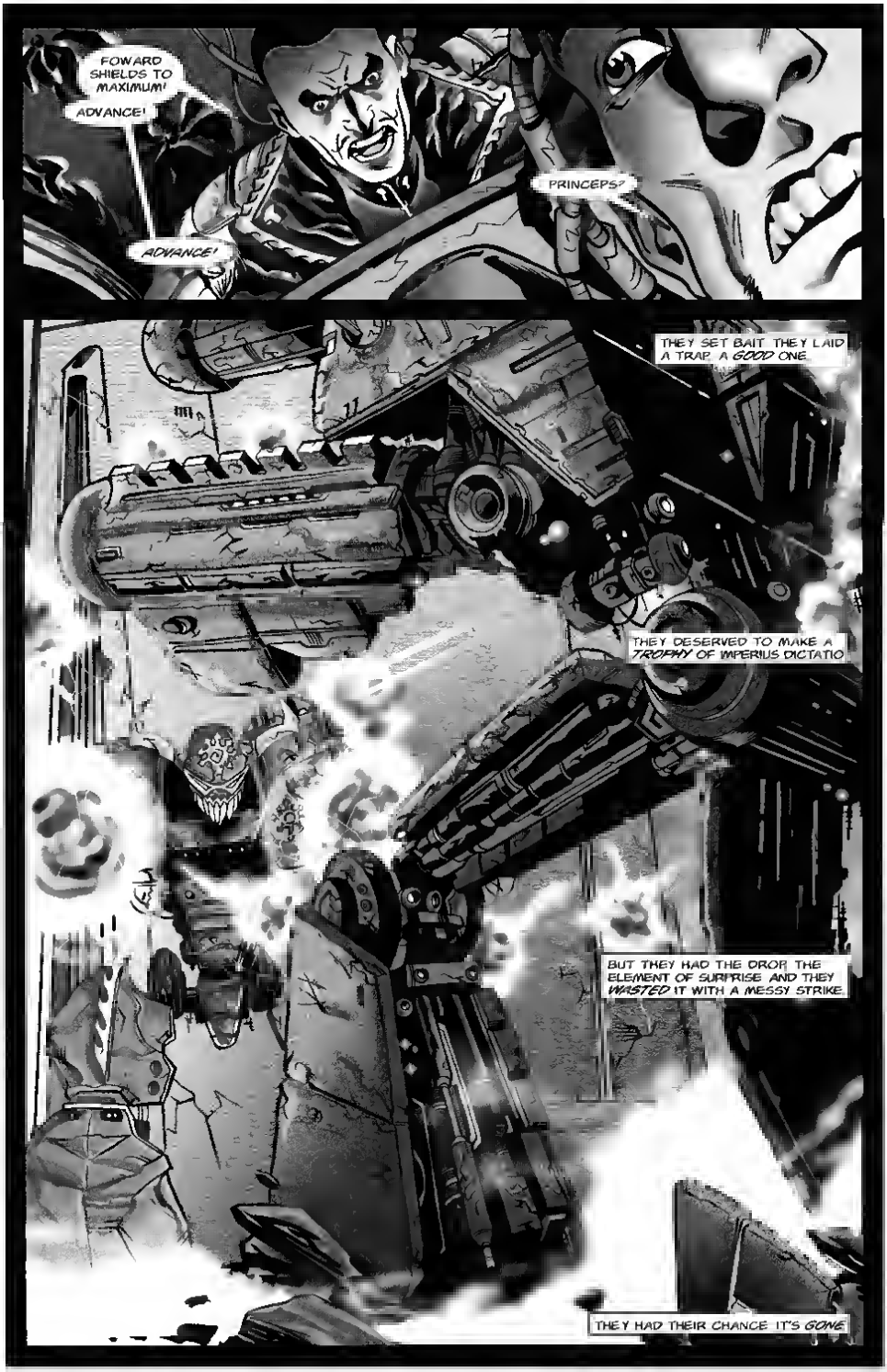
Read the complete tale of 'Tybalt's Battle' by Gav Thorpe in Inferno 25. Available now from Games Workshop stores.



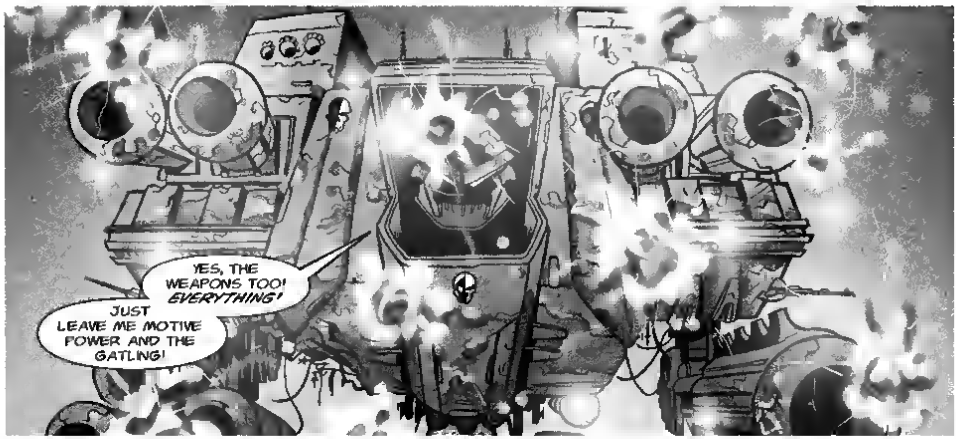
TITAN
GROUND ZERØ

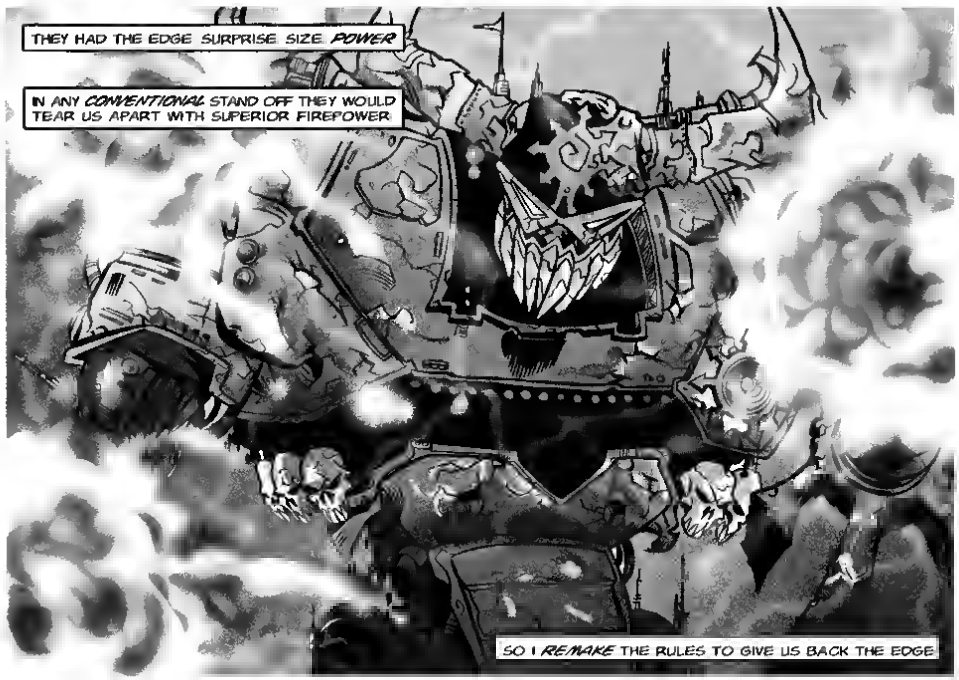


SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT · ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS · LETTERS: JORDAN LOVE


FOWARD SHIELDS TO MAXIMUM!
ADVANCE!
ADVANCE!
PRINCEPS?
THEY SET BAIT. THEY LAID A TRAP. A GOOD ONE.
THEY DESERVED TO MAKE A TROPHY OF IMPERIUS DICTATIO
BUT THEY HAD THE DROP. THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE. AND THEY WASTED IT WITH A MESSY STRIKE.
THEY HAD THEIR CHANCE. IT'S GONE.

MY TURN
VOSS! FULL POWER TO THE FRONT SHIELDS! DIVERT EVERY RESERVE INCLUDING ENERGY WEAPONS!
AYE, PRI- THE WEAPONS TOO?


YES, THE WEAPONS TOO! EVERYTHING!
JUST LEAVE ME MOTIVE POWER AND THE GATLING!


THEY HAD THE EDGE SURPRISE SIZE *POWER*
IN ANY *CONVENTIONAL* STAND OFF THEY WOULD TEAR US APART WITH SUPERIOR FIREPOWER
SO I *REMAKE* THE RULES TO GIVE US BACK THE EDGE!

I DON'T EVEN *TRY* TO RETURN FIRE.
I PUT EVERYTHING INTO THE SHIELDS AND WALK DIRECTLY *INTO* THEIR BOMBARDMENT.
THE VOIDS HOLD. THEY'RE *AT THEIR LIMIT*, BUT THEY HOLD.
UNTIL THEY TOUCH THE *ENEMY'S* SHIELD ENVELOPE.
CLASHING ENERGY FIELDS BITE INTO EACH OTHER FOR A SECOND...
...THEN BOTH *OUR* SHIELD SYSTEM AND *THEIRS* SHORT OUT AND *COLLAPSE*

THEY BACK AWAY FROM ME A STEP
DAZED BEWILDERED BY MY NEW RULES
TRYING TO RETRAIN THEIR GUNS
NOW MY SHIELDS ARE DEAD
GATLING, PLEASE

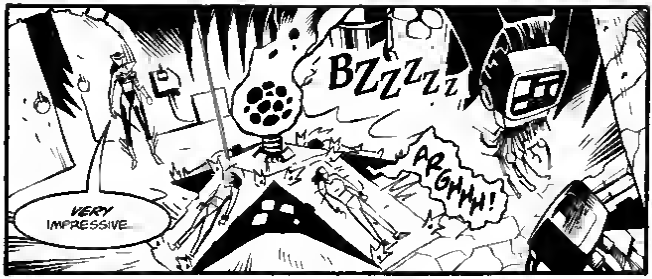
THANK YOU MODERATI.
DORN I WANT THE VOID SHIELDS FUNCTIONING AGAIN AS SOON AS YOU CAN.
RE-ROUTE POWER TO STANDARD RUNNING.
TEN MINUTES, PRINCEPS. THE COILS NEED REPLACING.
TACTICIAN ZYGO.
PRINCEPS!
SENSOR SWEEP FIND ME A NEW TARGET.
END

THE NARCOTICS ENHANCED WYCH GLADIATORS OF THE DARK ELDAR ARE RIGHTLY FEARED – NONE MORE SO THAN DRISELLA OF THE CULT OF TERROR!
SLAY HER IN THE NAME OF TZEENTCH!
FEAST ON MY BLADE, VERMIN!
AIIIIEEE!
SUCCUBUS
Script David Stoddart • Art Paul Holden • Letters Fiona Stephenson
WYCH! YOU SHALL SOON SCREAM IN THE FONDLING TENTACLES OF THE LORD OF CHANGE!
WEAKLING APE! IT IS I WHO SHALL HARVEST YOUR SOUL
I'M SURE YOU GET MY POINT.
BEG FOR YOUR LIFE CHAOS FILTH! RELEASE MY KIN TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE AND YOU SHALL LIVE...
THE PRISONERS ARE IN OUR MASTERS LAB... UUH.. IN THE DUNES OF CARNAGE!
UURGH!
WHEN YOU FIND HIM... SEE WHAT HE HAS MADE OF YOUR WARRIORS AND DESPAIR
I SAID YOU WOULD LIVE – JUST NOT HOW LONG
ARRRGH!

NOOO!
SO THIS IS THE SORCERER'S LAB. PAH! A PUNY PALACE COMPARED WITH THE DARK TOWERS OF COMMORAGH!
SO'VAK? IS THAT YOU?
SSSSS...
SSS NOT... ANY... MORE SSS!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST MALE WHO TRIED TO EMBRACE ME WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!
SHHSHKT!
RRGHH
REAPER OF SOULS! WHA-?
KABOOM!
WYCH! MY GREATEST CREATION DESTROYED! STILL, WITH MY REMAINING CAPTIVES I CAN ALWAYS MAKE... ANOTHER
SORCERER, RETURN THE PRISONERS TO ME AND YOU MAY BEG FOR A QUICK DEATH.
ONE FEMALE? HARDLY A THREAT! YOU WILL JOIN THE OTHERS AS A SUBJECT FOR MY EXPERIMENTS!
SEIZE HER BY LORD TZEENTCH!

ALL WHO OPPOSE ME WILL DIE.
PHTOOP! PHTOOP!
PTANG!
KRAK!
NO! TZEENTCH, HAVE MERCY!
AAGHH!
SPLUTCH!
MORE SOULS REAPED FOR THE CULT OF TERROR!

WHAT DELIGHTFUL SCREAMS
ARGH!


BZZZZZZ
ARGHHH!
VERY IMPRESSIVE

CLICK!

LADY DRISELLA. THANK KHAINE YOU ARE HERE TO SAVE US!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DRISELLA - NO!
CLICK!
COWARDS! YOU DARE ALLOW YOURSELVES TO BE CAPTURED ALIVE?
WE GLADIATORS FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

BZZZZZZZZZ
TO THINK I ONCE FOUGHT ALONGSIDE YOU IN BATTLE AND THE ARENA!
I ASSURE YOU WHATEVER AGONIES THAT MON-KEIGH INFLICTED

YOUR PAIN IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING
AIIIEEE! AAAAARGH!
THE WYCH GLADIATORS OF THE DARK ELDAR ARE RIGHTLY FEARED, NOT LEAST BY THEIR OWN KIND

THE END

BY NIGHTFALL, THE FORCES OF CHAOS HAD DRIVEN THE ARMY OF UNDEATH INSIDE THEIR CURSED BASTION.
the SUMMONING
YOUR CHAOS WARRIORS MAY HAVE WON THE BATTLE TODAY, YET YOU MAY STILL SERVE A GREATER PURPOSE...
DO YOUR WORST
I DO NOT FEAR YOUR PETTY GODS!
NEVER MIND MY GODS, FOOL- YOU SHOULD FEAR FOR YOUR VERY SOUL!

SCRIPT ANDY JONES • ART SIMON DAVIS • LETTERING DAVID PUGH

I HAVE SUMMONED THE ANCIENT ONE WHO BUILT THIS FORTRESS—
HE WILL BRING VICTORY THIS NIGHT.
A THOUSAND SOULS HAVE BEEN GIVEN...
WHAT DO I CARE?
YOU ARE TO BE THE FINAL SOUL WHICH SEALS THE PACT!
YOU CANNOT MAKE ME FEAR YOU!
BUT I CAN MAKE YOU HURT! MAKE YOU BLEED!
AIIEEEEGH!
MAKE YOU DIE!
YES! THE STORM BREAKS! HE COMES! HE COMES!
AAAAAAAHH

NOOOOO!
A PACT IS MADE, I COME. I HUNGER! WHERE IS THE LAST?
THERE, MY LORD! TAKE HIM...
HA! I SOLD MY SOUL TO CHAOS A THOUSAND YEARS AGO! ... UNGH!...YOU... HAVE...NO CLAIM ...ON ME!
AAAH! THEN I CLAIM-YOU!
WHAT? BUT—
UNNNGH!
AAAAAAAARGHHH!
ENDS

NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

Devoted followers of Warhammer Monthly will remember a strip printed in issue 34 entitled 'Battlefleet Gothic' by none other than the creative team behind the thrilling 'Bloodquest'. It recounted a savage space battle between an ambushing Chaos fleet and the master-tactician Leoten Semper, heroic captain of the cruiser Macharius. The exciting news this month is that now you can read more adventures of Captain Semper and the Macharius in the latest novel release 'Execution Hour' penned by none other than 'Bloodquest' scribe Gordon Rennie. Expect nothing less than non-stop action and battles on a epic scale hitherto unseen as the Macharius and the ships of Battlefleet Gothic stand against the might of Abaddon the Despoiler and his gigantic Planet-Killer.

Also released this month is Inferno! #25 our bi-monthly short story collection. This issue is a fantasy special with Warhammer fiction that takes us from the frost-bitten city of Kislev, to the mysterious isle of Albion and to the bottom of the icy seas; with fiction from writers such as Mitchel 'Hellbrandt Grimm' Scanlon and Gav Thorpe and the concluding part of the mighty Ralph Horsley's chronicle of noble Bretonnia's desperate fight against an unstoppable Chaos horde.

INFERNO!
IN THE GRIM DARKNESS OF THE FAR FUTURE THERE IS ONLY WAR!
EXECUTION HOUR
A WARHAMMER 40,000 NOVEL BY GORDON RENNIE
WARHAMMER

Available soon from your local Games Workshop store

INCOMING

✦

✦✦ Hey Guys, I just got my first copy of 'Warhammer Monthly' (no. 41) and am amazed at the quality of your magazine. I especially liked 'Of Ancient Blood' and 'Darkblade', and I loved Karl Richardsons art in 'Daemonifuge'. I'll definitely be purchasing your magazine regularly.

✦Freddy Hollis – via email

✦

✦✦ As the Demon-prince of the world Unjack in the outer fringes of the eye of terror, I feel it is my right to speak for the Chaos Gods when I say that Gutspew is a pathetic, whining cur. If he were a true servant of the Blood God, he would have already killed that ignoble Baneblade with only his teeth. I have spoken directly to Khorne himself, and he is very displeased. He and I have agreed that we ALMOST hope that Baneblade wins, if only to stop his pathetic whining. Finally, I greatly enjoy your comic, even more than a twelve-limbed Slaaneshi dancing she-demon. I especially enjoyed Bloodquest, even if those vile Space Marines did win. As a follower of Chaos, I would rather fight a good enemy and lose than a pitiful enemy and slaughter, although there is something to be said for slaughter...

✦ [illegible] – via email

✦

✦✦ Pah! I have no need of your support you twisted Slaaneshi deviant!

✦

✦✦ I would like to ask you a question about chaos, why are there no stories about them – especially Horus and the many gods e.g. Tzeentch? So if you do not mind can you crawl along to them ugly marines and order them to write about us Chaos and our sacred gods!
Yours evilly,

✦ Slave to slanesh. (via slanesh mail)

✦

✦✦ What is this? Slaaneshi Letter Writing Month? Have you pooled all of your brain cells in an effort to communicate legibly rather than those grunts and moans that we usually hear from your kind? Hopefully 'Succubus' that appears in this issue will sate your desire for all things Tzeentch (even if they did take a beating from that devious Dark Eldar Wych!).

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